

THE LEISURE HOUR.

BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,
AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND.—*Cowper.*



NEAR THE END.

A YOUNG WIFE'S STORY.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

MY ghastly face, on looking into the glass after leaving Colonel Demarcay's room, told me how much I needed repose after all this agitation; yet my brain was too tired to take it; I was worn out without the power to rest. A severe conflict had been going on within me. To subdue my impetuous earnestness and veil my personal regrets, even for a

time, had been no easy task, though stimulated to the effort at the call of a higher duty than any I owed either to my husband or myself. And yet it was scarcely possible to do otherwise. The excitement Colonel Demarcay had already undergone was bad for him. It would have been cruel as well as selfish to continue it. For any attempt to change his ideas or ameliorate my situation I must wait till the morning. Even then there was little hope of his being able to alter his will; he had no strength,

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PRICE ONE PENNY.

either of body or mind, for such an undertaking. If Victor would but come, some arrangement might be effected between him and his uncle; he would be told of the circumstance and left free to act, so that a great burden would be taken off my shoulders. The will might be destroyed, or, with the colonel's concurrence, I might sign a paper, making the property over to my husband and his heirs.

If I had misty notions about law, my moral perceptions were strong enough; they would not suffer Hubert to be wronged. Thus the maternity to which I was looking forward would be dear to me as to other women, and I should be relieved from the anomalous position of regarding with dread the arrival of one of God's best and dearest gifts. That was one phase of my reflections: there was another equally important. Victor might not arrive in time to see his uncle alive. Of late there was something incomprehensible about him. That he did not write because not yet able to hold a pen, was intelligible, but he continued to defer his visit without a sufficient reason. A wounded hand need not prevent him from travelling, and Bertha's excuses and explanations were too cold and meagre to be satisfactory. Had the accident she so briefly related been of a serious nature, or had it resulted in illness? For the first time real uneasiness arose on my husband's account. Ought I not to go to him? The satisfaction expressed in every letter because I was with the colonel might come from Bertha, not from him, and Bertha was no friend to me. But out of this whirl of thought, as my duties began to clash, came ever the paramount anxiety of the hour—would Victor arrive while his uncle was yet alive?

According to our calculation, he could not be with us before the evening of the following day; and, even to my inexperienced eye, the colonel's life must now be counted by hours. If any steps were taken to prevent this injustice they must, therefore, be taken by me, and without delay, for the inheritance of Lornedale weighed on me like a nightmare. I was resolved not to have it; I would not take it away from Victor, nor rob Hubert of his rights for any child of mine. Was it not enough—ah! often too much for my self-respect—that my conduct had not been altogether blameless? that, for my husband's sake, I had condescended to be self-interested, bestowing more care and tenderness upon the colonel than he would have received but for the uncertain hold his nephew had over him? In wifely love I had acted a part secretly despised, and, in recompense, it was precisely my wifely love that would be called in question. Was not this one of those fine-drawn retributions we meet with here and there, forcing us to acknowledge that, if life is hard in places, it is seldom purely unfortunate?

Though unable to attach myself to Colonel Demarcay in the full meaning of the word—alas! he was essentially unlovable—yet, now that the time of parting approached, I was sorry, very sorry, to lose him. From some resemblance, fancied or real, to the only tender associations he possessed, I had a value in his eyes beyond my relationship to Victor. To be a Demarcay, a graft upon the family stock, did not establish a claim to the indulgence I enjoyed above others, but it was my chance to evoke memories belonging to another and a better part of his life, when the young shoots of feeling were tender, and the soil of the heart, that afterwards grew hard under the chill of a false philosophy, was soft and

impressionable. Had I earlier known my influence and its source it might have been used to some good purpose.

With the insistence of a privileged daughter, I should have tried to turn his partiality for me to his own advantage. But it was now too late, too late for me to learn to love, too late for him to be won by the pleading of the tenderest lips. Surely and speedily that existence was hastening to its close. Whatever he was or had been, I could not change him; I could only sorrow without any hope of seeing that sorrow alleviated.

By the reluctance often visible on his suffering brow, by the few words that fell from him when the watch over himself was relaxed, I knew, we all knew, that neither his science nor his theories gave him any support or comfort. His piteous efforts to be brave, to meet the end calmly, were belied by the strained and anxious eye. How different was the expression of that ill-concealed distress from the settled peace enjoyed by many others—from the calm placidity of Mr. Kingston, the sweetness of Miss Everett, and, what came nearest now, the holy joy of her mother in the prospect of dissolution! Alas, alas! he had never sown the seed that produces such heavenly fruit. Was he satisfied with the truth of the opinions in which he had lived? I think not. Restless at heart as in body, he seemed to suffer greatly. He wavered and shrank back now that he was nearing the shore of the great sea. Something he saw beyond it—but what? Now and then he cast anxious glances at Patrick as he knelt, sobbing and crying, beside him. Did he want to speak to him? I hoped so, and also that at some period in the remainder of the night, when alone together, the faithful servant, telling of his experience when in the jaws of death, might be directed to say the word in season. God sometimes works by feeble instruments for great purposes, that we may know it is not of earthly wisdom, but of Him, that a soul is called out of the darkness natural to it, into the new state designated "his marvellous light," how marvellous only those who have felt or seen the transition can estimate.

My fears, however, were stronger than my hopes. The doctor was so anxious for his patient to sleep that he might prohibit all conversation. The night would be short, the first small hours having struck before I left the colonel's room, yet if he slept he might be better in the morning, and stronger, too,—able to talk to Patrick, and perhaps attend to me.

To carry out the plan now revolving in my mind, five minutes—or even less, three—would suffice. Was it very selfish that, amidst my thoughts and cares and anguish of mind for him, one earnest desire was ever rising to the surface for myself, one scheme for my own relief was beating ceaselessly on my brain? Before going to bed I carried it out, so far as it depended upon me. With lawyers and the complicated verbiage they put into their weary documents I had no acquaintance, but, thinking plain language might suit my purpose as well as technical terms, I resolved to express my wishes in a brief note to Mr. Stebbings, and get the colonel to sign it. The effort for him would not be much, and my future peace would be secured. Many before now have wrenched an inheritance from dying hands,—why should not I succeed in surrendering one? The greedy seeking to acquire could not be more in earnest than I was to lose. After a long mental

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debate whether to write to Mr. Stebbings in my own name or in the colonel's, whether the signature of the latter should be appended to a clause in my letter, or be added to one from him, I determined upon having both. It was important to be armed at all points.

As the result of my deliberations, I penned a few lines, stating that, having been made acquainted with the tenour of Colonel Demarcay's will as far as regarded myself, its injustice so shocked me that I was about to make every exertion in my power permitted by his state of health to induce him to alter it. After adding a request that Mr. Stebbings would lose no time in carrying out whatever instructions he might receive, best calculated to free me from a bequest so unwelcome, I set about preparing the other paper for the colonel to sign. It seemed not only possible, but an easy thing, to undo the mischief by destroying the will; the claims of others and the various difficulties arising from such an act did not present themselves. After many attempts at a letter suitable for the colonel to write, some too long, some too vague, and some too minute, I produced the following, with which I was tolerably satisfied:—

"Dear Sir,—I wish to cancel all clauses in my will by which the child of Ella Demarcay, wife to my nephew Victor Demarcay, is to be put into possession of the property of Lorndale,—Yours faithfully."

Underneath I pencilled the name, once so proudly borne, "Victor Marcey Demarcay." Was it not a lesson on the vanity of human greatness that the last effort of this haughty mind should be to take back his grandest gift? If too weak to write, I meant to guide his hand over the letters; for the purpose I had in view, that, or any similar act, appeared defensible. There was little sleep for me that night. With the first silvery streak of dawn I was awake and stirring. On inquiring after the colonel I heard, with intense satisfaction, that he was sleeping calmly. If nature would but give him that beneficent rest until my husband arrived, when perchance he might be sufficiently revived for them to converse together, Victor would know how to act and make everything right. As soon as dressed, I repaired to the colonel's room, taking my papers with me that they might be at hand if then wanted, not without the heart-sinking that so frequently alternates with any anxious hope. The first glance at the sick man's face dashed all my projects to the ground and steadied me into a state of despair. Seeing me so much overcome, Patrick tried to represent his state in a better light. "The master is only drowsy; he will wake up presently and be all the stronger for the sleep," said the old man, trying to deceive himself as well as me.

Dr. Chabert was there. It needed not his silence to assure me that the business of this world was over for Colonel Demarcay. For ever and for ever! What terrible meaning was now in those few words, so often lightly said.

Tears, wrung from me by my conscious inability to cope with coming misfortune, fell on the papers as, smoothing them out, after having crumpled them up in my first distress, I put them carefully away. They were of no use. I was sensible enough to see they would have no weight in disabusing the mind of Mr. Stebbings of the prejudice taken up against me. His cold, odd manner when last at Lorndale was fully explained. Not only had he misjudged me, but, by his own behaviour, had given a fair sample

of the esteem which would be meted out to me by others. "Was there no escape?" I mentally asked, resting my head upon my hands and giving myself up to the almost hopeless task of seeking a remedy. "Must I take this Lorndale hated, beautiful as it was, and thereby inflict a wound so severe on my husband's affections? Could nothing be done to prevent it?" I thought not; it was left to my child, not to me. Had I the power to deprive him of it, and, if so, had I the right? Did I wish to do it? Ah me! What had come over me, that this new question crossed my mind, and the point, already settled with my conscience, insisted upon being again debated! My brain ached as well as my heart, which began whispering of its past sorrows and of the little assurance it had of any deep affection from my husband.

Agitated by doubt, as well as weak from anxiety and the want of sleep, the perplexity and discord of my feelings drove me back to the colonel's room. I could not bear to be alone with the new self I scarcely recognised. Though only changing one trial for another, it was better to be in the sick chamber than shut up with these unwelcome reasonings. Here, at least, it was easier to battle with unholy thoughts—if unholy they were. But was it wrong to take what was given me? The tormenting doubt, unsilenced by the solemnity of place and scene, presented itself over and over again—"Was it not wrong to deprive my child of the property bequeathed to him?" It would come as his mother's dowry, the price and reward of many weary hours and bitter heart-griefs. Something from the Demarcay family was due to me. If my little one lived, it would be my own possession, as dear to me as Hubert was to Victor. My heart longed for something to cling to that should be really mine. I was tired of its emptiness, its frequent aches and its struggles; should I injure the precious gift that was to lift me into a happier life, and make me forget all I had suffered? Surely it was not by chance I had been prevented carrying out the scheme of refusal, planned in the first flush of scrupulous excitement. Many similar arguments I held with myself, sometimes accepting and sometimes repudiating them, but happy neither way.

Recovering my old self as the day wore on, I kept at my post; Colonel Demarcay remained much the same, except that there was just a gleam of intelligence in the glazing eye whenever Adams, Patrick, or I knelt round his bed, especially once, when the old man, overpowered by his feelings, fell on his knees, wailing forth with heavy sobs, "I would die for him if I could, my poor, poor master! and, indeed, I should be better spared than he."

"Even so," I thought, with a sharp pang, for, however misty Patrick's faith, the future was not without hope to him. Yet at times the superstition ingrained in his character showed itself in a ludicrous manner, and, but for the solemnity of the moment and his poignant grief, would have made me laugh.

"He may go to-day," he whispered, with an air of mystery, when we were out of the sick man's hearing; "anyhow, it cannot be long first; Joseph heard the rustling louder than ever last night."

"That may be," I answered, inclined to smile at his pertinacity, "but rest assured that there is no connection between the two things, whether the rustling be real or imaginary. God sends no warning of that kind. To believe such idle tales is to dishonour our faith."

"You know best," he added, with a countenance clearly belying his words, and resumed his post beside his master, saying, in an undertone, "Strange things have happened, and may happen again. We shall see."

Of the issue of the colonel's illness I had no more doubt than he. We each sorrowed over it in different ways. Without Patrick's personal affection for him, I felt nevertheless regret so poignant that it is a wonder to me how I bore it throughout that long dreary day, with each minute passing so slowly, and yet so quickly, according as the length was measured by expectation or by fear. There was little to be done for the poor frame that lay so helpless before us—hardly any of those ministering cares that at least gratify the mourner to bestow—nothing but to wait, and watch, and pray. Yes, I could do that, and the act itself would soothe my tried nerves if it accomplished no other good. But why should it not do more? My Father was his Father; would he not take pity on his rebellious child, and give something out of his boundless stores of love and compassion for his Son's sake?

The evening came at last. It had been one of those glorious days in August when sky, earth, and air, beautiful in their brightness and fragrance, raise the tone of the mere physical being, one of those that contrast so sharply with the stern dramas life is ever playing out for some of us. The colonel remained still the same, neither better nor worse, and had not spoken all day. For the hundredth time I took out Bradshaw, and repeated the oft-made calculations. If there were no impediment—if Victor had received the telegram without any delay, if he were at home when it arrived, and had started immediately, if nothing had gone wrong—he might even now be approaching the house. Hark! We all heard it; a rumbling noise, wheels rolling over the dry ground of the avenue. Victor, my own Victor, to whom I had for a short moment been false, but false only because weariness, long vigils, and hopelessness had taken me out of my right mind. The dark, selfish thoughts were all gone now. To act justly was as strong a desire as to please him. Life yet throbbed in his uncle's veins; it might not be too late for some last words. The vital flame, like that of the dying taper, sometimes leaps up with a semblance of strength before it is extinguished. Softly I stole from the room, along the passages, and to the head of the great staircase. No lamps were burning; there needed none, for the lingering twilight, admitted freely through the large open windows, made the way easy to find, even to a stranger. A moment I waited, with heart and temples beating, that Victor might approach, wishing to meet him alone after he had been received by the servants. There they were, talking below, Monsieur and Madame Reybach, and others; their voices reached me where I stood. Anxious as I was, the delay fretted me sorely, though I strove to be patient; but when I saw the dear figure, in the dusky light, hastily mounting the stairs, I rushed forward to the first landing, and then caught at the hannisters to support me, feeling sick and giddy. It was not Victor, but Demarcay Evans.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

For the first time I heard the truth; Victor was ill, slowly recovering from a fever which had brought him very low indeed. Demarcay arrived in time to

see his uncle alive, but there was no sign of his being recognised. His presence, however, though of no use to the colonel, was a great solace to me. I found him somewhat altered. Instead of the playful railery or caustic comments to which he usually inclined, he listened patiently to my lamentations over principles and opinions he once defended, and seemed to feel the deep solemnity of the occasion.

"Had your uncle a mother?" I asked, abruptly, waking out of my musings, as we sat together in a room adjoining that of the sick man, not having suffered myself to be persuaded to leave him, the end evidently was so near. "I mean, does he remember her?" I added, by way of explanation.

"I never heard him speak of her; but why do you ask?"

"Because I believe a mother's prayers and teachings are never lost, and sometimes return with startling vividness in old age. Perhaps, while the colonel's outward senses are clouded to us, he may be pondering her instructions over again."

"Perhaps," answered Demarcay, abstractedly, and presently observed, "I have no recollection of mine."

"Victor remembers his; what was she like? I know her sister, Miss Clayton, and she is a worthy woman."

"And so you would have said of Victor's mother; she was one whom you would have liked."

"Thank God for that," I said, heartily, the value of a pious mother striking me then so forcibly that I began to soften in my judgment of the colonel. Where a right bias has not been given in early youth, the difficulties an inquiring mind has to encounter afterwards appeared to me peculiarly formidable.

Before morning the veil never to be lifted again this side the grave had fallen on Colonel Demarcay. He awoke out of what appeared an agitated sleep, struggled hard for breath, and then all was over.

"If I could but know!" said Demarcay, as he turned with me from the chamber, leaving the attendants to discharge their painful duties.

"Ask, and ye shall receive; seek, and ye shall find," I whispered; "but be honest and hearty in the search."

He bowed his head as we parted; his heart was probably as full as mine, for death is a solemn guest in any house.

When it came to putting away the colonel's things, on arranging his papers in his desk I found some that were very interesting. On a packet of letters strapped together he had written some striking words, "Another fallen from the ranks." The letters came from the other side of the Atlantic, from a man whom Demarcay recognised as one who had formerly stood forth the champion of liberal opinions, and these he now denounced as infidel and untenable. One of the envelopes was written in a different hand, of later date, and addressed to Colonel Demarcay since we came to the chateau. It contained a message from a dying brother savant: "Tell him that I abjure all my boasted knowledge of the laws of life and being, and that, like the apostle, I seek to know only Christ and him crucified; tell him, also, that, as the humblest and vilest of God's creatures, I hope to be saved by unmerited favour."

There was yet another paper that pleased me even more; being a quotation in his own handwriting, it must have received his special attention. This was an extract from the autobiography of a man he pro-

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fessed to admire, John Stuart Mill, whose heart, by his own confession, could not support him under his cold philosophy. "The whole foundation on which my life was constructed fell down, because I had arrived at the conviction that if all the objects of my desire were attained they would not make me happy."

"Can there be a more desolate picture of a human being than this?" I said, laying the paper before Demarcay. "Is it not heart-rending to read it? No joy, no peace, only a craving that never could be satisfied." Then, moved by some strong impulse, I laid my hand upon his arm, and looking earnestly into his face, ventured to force upon him the application that weighed on my mind, saying, "You are not like that, Demarcay, you would not live so, nor would you die so. God grant that such a terrible affliction may not occur again in the Demarcay family."

My nerves, greatly overwrought, failed me. Unable to bear the strain of the last few days, I spoke with sobbing words, and then laid my head upon the table and burst into tears. There was so much both to like and admire in Demarcay that it was not possible to be indifferent to his welfare. I knew, besides, that he had suffered keenly for opinions he was too honest to disavow or even to gloss over. Perhaps, also, I thought a little of Miss Everett, my woman's heart being foolishly tender for her.

"You are worn out, Ella," said Demarcay, modulating his musical voice into its gentlest tones. He had taken a seat beside me, and was patiently waiting for me to recover myself.

"What I have suffered on your uncle's account, I would not that another should suffer for you," I urged, in excuse for the emotion and tears by which I had been surprised.

"Even so," he answered. "I would not that any one should suffer for me."

"But they do; they must. We cannot love, knowing there is an impassable barrier between us and our loved ones, without suffering. We ought not to make others sad."

"And yet we do it, over and over again, the good amongst us as well as the bad."

By the half-smothered sigh that accompanied his reply, I guessed of whom he was thinking, and eagerly seized the point he had involuntarily conceded.

"And whom do you mean by the good?"

He hesitated.

"By what standard do you measure them?" I continued, pursuing my supposed advantage.

"By yours, at the present time."

"Then if you admit that mine makes good people, you virtually acknowledge mine to be a good standard."

"I admit it to be a good one, but I have not pronounced it to be the best."

"And yet you must allow that it has produced characters of sterling worth. Can you show me a better? Do you know of any other that, going down to the depths of the heart, sifts our thoughts and motives as well as our actions? any other that, not satisfied to gather buds and blossoms, demands that the root from which they spring be sound also?"

Then, leaving metaphor, I rushed upon a reality. "Do you know of any character so lovely and lovable as Emily Everett, and have you any doubt as to what makes her so?"

"None whatever. I will even admit that the principles she holds make her what she is."

"Then—"

"But—" he interrupted. Whatever he was going to say ended in a sigh partially suppressed, and a smile intended to be deprecativ.

"Your life is so happy compared with hers," I observed, with mischievous intent.

"No, Ella," he exclaimed, with more energy than he had yet shown, "I am a miserable man, and you know it, but only partially. What you don't know lies beneath the surface. When my public work is over, and I return to the silence of my own home, where no wrangling, discordant voice is heard, and where I have liberty to think and dream as pleases me best, even with the plaudits of my fellow-men ringing in my ears, I sometimes wonder why I care to live. Judge if I am happy."

"You have companions?"

"I am speaking of what I am when alone; before others we are not ourselves."

"I mean you do not stand alone in your sentiments," and, taking up the quotation copied by the colonel from Stuart Mill, I forced it again into his hand.

No longer apathetic, his cheek flushed, and he cried out, with impatience, "What would you have? I must be honest and truthful."

"To be honest and candid, you must study both sides of the question—the antidote as well as the poison."

Laughing a short, uneasy laugh, he said I was Jesuitical.

"No, I am not Jesuitical, but sincere and straightforward, which you are not unless you will read the best known answer to every philosophical work you have studied."

"To what end?" he replied, with a careless shrug of the shoulders and an intonation of voice that painfully resembled his uncle. "By reading one side I know the arguments of the other."

"Diluted, toned down, with the heart out of them. Can that satisfy an upright-minded man, or afford any hope of arriving at the truth?"

"Is not Mrs. Demarcay now begging the question, as ladies are apt to do?" he asked, relapsing into the light railery of other days.

"Call it what you like, I am not logical, and could not carry on a long argument to save my life. Give me your word that you will do this one thing, which ought to be done in common fairness, and, in return, I will give you a promise that may be worth two worlds to you—If any man will do his will, he shall know of the doctrine, whether it be of God or no."

The interruption that came at this time from Reybach was most opportune, and perhaps aided the continuance of our mutual good understanding. The event of the hour had led us on to a discussion by no means palatable to Demarcay, from which he now gladly escaped into details and arrangements that had to be considered. Like his uncle, he was a man of business when it was necessary, and, as every responsibility devolved upon him, he had too much to do to spend much time in conversation. The colonel, having given no directions about his funeral, but having often expressed an opinion that a man should be buried in the place where he died, the family council, represented by Victor and Demarcay, decided to have him interred in the cemetery of F——, not far from the site of the old monastery,

by the side of some of the Demarcays of a former generation. Thither he was conveyed with all the pompous ceremonial befitting his wealth and position, and with some genuine sorrow also. Relieved by the frail hopes founded on the papers discovered in his desk, my portion of grief was softer and gentler, free from the stormy turbulence of that first shock which threatened to overshadow me too darkly. Thoughts departing from the general tendency of his mind had been stirred in Colonel Demarcay; might one not hope that something better than the blank creed of the cold philosopher had issued from them at the last? Patrick was more cut up than any of us. For more than forty years his affections had clung to his deceased master with dog-like tenacity. In a few days he aged perceptibly, and stooping, as if unable to bear up against the blow, lost much of his soldierly bearing. The best way of assisting him to endure his affliction was to keep him constantly employed, which Demarcay took especial pains to do.

After the funeral, there were not many domestic affairs to settle before making preparations for leaving. Letters and telegrams were continually passing between the castle and Lorndale, and soon I had the pleasure of receiving a real letter from Victor, kind and tender, all that a wife could desire. Through the words, written badly enough, in large, uneven letters, as if the pen were unfamiliar, did there not glimmer a perspective of brighter days than I had ever contemplated since Ella Clare first learned that no magic talisman of happiness was to be found in her wedding-ring? How joyful I should have felt in the prospect of returning home but for the two questions that never allowed themselves to be answered: Would Victor take the contents of the will seriously to heart, and how would it affect me? What could I do to avert the unmerited odium to which I was exposed? The more I reflected, the greater was my perplexity. Innocently, on my part, I was nevertheless my husband's rival, and might have to take from his beloved eldest-born the fairest jewel of his inheritance. If he could forgive it with reference to himself, he was not likely to pardon my supplanting Hubert. Would he believe my story? was it not too simple to be credited? No one heard me remonstrate, and my useless efforts to change the colonel's intentions had no testimony but my own. My papers, so carefully prepared, proved nothing, and might even be turned against me. And yet—and yet—save for a few wild thoughts, the result of a moral sense momentarily dulled by a flash of despair at finding circumstances too hard for me, I was innocent. Now, as in the first impulse, which is ever where woman most truthfully reveals herself, I wished the succession to go to Victor, quite content to receive my share of his uncle's possessions from him. Nevertheless, I could not help fearing the future, and what it might bring.

"You have had too much fatigue and anxiety, Ella; I shall be glad to take you away from here," Demarcay would say, referring to my frequent fits of depression and abstraction with brotherly kindness.

One day, by way of rousing me, he alluded to our former conversation about reading only one side of an argument, and, with the shy look in the eyes that comes when the thought is unfamiliar, voluntarily gave me the promise I had sought to obtain.

About a week after the funeral, everything being settled that immediately claimed Demarcay's atten-

tion, we were to return to Lorndale. Into my last letter to Victor I had thrown all the long pent-up tenderness of my heart, determined that, whatever followed, he should know how dear was the love he had at length professed for me; yet, in spite of myself, through every line ran a pathos of foreboding impossible to repress. "Life is so chequered," I wrote, "I hardly dare look forward to happiness, having known so little since I cast my girlhood behind me. Hitherto I have generally tried to be a dutiful wife and a good step-mother. If God will throw into my lot the sweetness of true affection, my cup will be full enough—too full, perhaps, to carry with a steady hand." Yet even in writing this I was not glad to go home.

My task was finished; faithfully had I encompassed the colonel's last days with every watchful attention in my power. My husband thanked me, and was longing for my return; yet between him and me now stood, as my evil genius, the possession that was intended to be my crowning honour. "How would Victor take the will?" Throughout the journey, and all the preparations preceding it, the thought never left me. Would he believe or condemn me? Had I won all the esteem I might have done, sufficient to make him feel that, without a sudden perversity, happily rare in any individual, I could not have acted the unworthy part that circumstances seemed to attribute to me? Alas, for me! with the strongest desire to be just, he could not think me altogether blameless since I came to reside at Lorndale. On many occasions I had vexed him, and once bitterly reproached him for having made me his wife. Would he think that, in a refinement of retaliation, I had prepared for him the greatest blow he could receive? It was a curious fact—would Victor remember it?—that his own hand had been persistently turning the wheel which had moved so unfavourably for Hubert.

Patrick was more than willing to return. Into his grief entered also a little chagrin at the destruction of some of his cherished delusions; the rustlings and unearthly noises heard by him and Joseph had been satisfactorily explained, which, if truth were spoken, rather disgusted him. He experienced more bliss in his ignorance than in his enlightenment. The day before we left the chateau a handsome owl, bearing on its blackened plumage incontestible evidence as to whence he came, was found in Joseph's room, with many fragments of soot and dirt lying about the hearth.

"Well, who would have thought of its being only an owl?" observed Joseph, "a harmless, stupid bird."

To his fellow-servant's reflections Patrick, looking as wise as the owl itself, said nothing, but slowly shook his head. We always thought he did not cordially believe it to be a bird at all, not even when, some time afterwards, Reybach wrote word that it was dead, and, having been stuffed, now ornamented the mantelpiece of its former habitation.

JAPANESE MUSIC AND MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.

PART II.

WIND instruments form the second division figured and described by Dr. Müller, but they are less in number, variety, and importance than the

stringed instruments. Of these, the "Shio," mentioned in Professor Syle's letter, but not described, takes precedence, as it is the only one on which either the Japanese or Chinese perform harmonious chords, or, as frequently is the case, discords. It is constructed on the principle of the organ, comprising seventeen pipes, but made of wood or small bamboos instead of metal, the longest being about eighteen inches, and the shortest a little more than six inches. These are held at the top by a piece of handsomely-carved woodwork, and set in a bowl-shaped frame at the margin, about five inches in diameter and the same in depth, the whole being carved, lacerated, and richly ornamented with silver. At one side a carved mouthpiece is fixed, opening into the wind-chamber connected with all the pipes. Through this the performer blows gently, yet with a full expiration from the lungs, to fill the longest pipes, pressing the stops at their base with his fingers as required. The music performed on it is pleasing even to a European ear, and reminded us very much of the style produced by the Irish bagpipes, with less of the drone in its composition. As the body of the instrument is held up to the mouth, the pipes rise above the head when the performer is standing. The whole figure appears something like those depicted on ancient Grecian sculptures, or paintings representing musicians at festivals and in festive processions. Whether the Chinese copied from the Greeks of antiquity, who were the contemporaries of their first eras in history, or *vice versa*, is a field for speculation; but as regards this instrument, it was introduced into Japan from China many centuries ago.

Another instrument constructed on the principle of the organ, described and figured by Dr. Müller (see page 360), is named the "Seng," which he compares to a portable chamber-organ, possessing soft and mellow tones. Instead of the pipes being arranged in a circle like those of the Shio, they stand in a row, the longest, at the ends, measuring about three feet each, and the shortest, in the middle, two feet and a half, all made of bamboo. These are inserted in a wind-case about a foot high, cup-shaped, with a flat bottom; the whole instrument being four feet in height, and eighteen inches in width; consequently, it is more powerful than the Shio. Nevertheless, it possesses no bellows like our organs to fill the wind-chamber, so that the performer has to blow with the full capacity of his lungs into a long mouthpiece, something like the spout of a teapot, and fixed at one end of the case, with apertures or stops at the sides for the fingers in play, when it is placed on a table or the ground. This is also a Chinese instrument, and considered to be of great antiquity.

The next class of wind instruments calling for notice comprise those analogous to the fife, flute, and clarinet. One of these is the "Hidschiriki," about nine inches long, with two finger-holes at the back and seven in front. Though much smaller, it is similar to the last-named instrument, as it is played through a flat mouthpiece at the top, containing a reed, and movable in its socket. Its notes are wild and shrill, reminding us of those produced on the chanter of the Highland bagpipe. Indeed, the first time we heard it played was close to our editorial office at Shanghai, and we at once supposed that some Scottish Highlander was performing on his favourite national instrument; when, on going into the street, we saw

the funeral procession of a deceased mandarin passing to the cemetery, and the sounds that had attracted our attention were produced by a musician playing a dirge not unlike a coronach. But it is equally well suited for lively music, of which both the Chinese and Japanese set to quick time on a minor key, not so much like reels or strathspeys as the monotonous tunes of the Italian *pifferari*, frequently heard in our streets. The drone accompaniment, played by a second musician of that class, is sometimes produced by other instruments, but none of them attached to an inflated bag or skin.

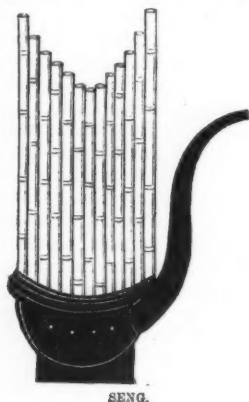
Of the deeper-toned instruments are those named "Rapa," one of them being figured in the illustration at page 360, which approaches nearer to our clarinet in form and sound than the Hidschiriki. The instrument is twenty inches in length, with a sliding mouthpiece, moving in two metallic globes, which are blown into like a trumpet, then tapering to a bell-mouthed extremity five inches in diameter, made of metal, and thereby increasing the resonance of the instrument. But it is noticeable that no wind instrument has any metal keys like our old bugle, the holes being stopped by the fingers in all cases. Another instrument of the kind may be compared to the trombone, but with few sounds, and these are produced by sliding the one half up and down like a telescope. This is named the "Shōkun," no doubt after the Shogoon or Taicoon—a high dignitary whose reign has ceased since the revolution. It is generally played in processions and on festive occasions as a kind of bass to the treble instruments.

Flutes are commonly played in both China and Japan, being much the same in size and compass as the ordinary European flute without keys, only the embouchure is farther down from the head. Three kinds are figured in the original tables, and described, named respectively the "Ohteki," "Koma-fuye," and "Kagura Fuye." The last mentioned is one of the ancient musical instruments, which Ninagawa told Dr. Müller had been known for twelve hundred years. Others of smaller sizes are given analogous to the *piccolo*. One of them is played with five holes, named the "Tjē," and another the "Kuon," of similar dimensions but a double instrument (see page 360). The principle of the pan-pipes is illustrated in the "Ikada." This instrument is seven inches long, comprised of twelve pipes or reeds, which Dr. Müller curiously describes as representing the twelve months of the year, though we are unable to explain how. Also a circular instrument with the same number of pipes equally curious, but unintelligible to us, but their tones are minutely demonstrated in Chinese and Japanese characters, with scientific explanations in German.

The third division is termed *Schlaginstrumente* by the learned doctor—what we might call instruments of percussion, where the sounds are produced by striking with wooden sticks or mallets on discs of skin, wood, or metal. Of these, drums take the precedence, those used on ordinary occasions named the "Tenko" and "Hanko," or tripod drums. The former is about ten inches in diameter and three inches deep, the upper part having a skin stretched at extreme tension over a board. This rests on a tripod of bamboos, thirty inches high, and is played on with drumsticks ten inches long. The other is larger, being fifteen inches across the disc, with a tripod three feet in height. Both are played after the style of our kettle-drum, the smaller having a higher

sound than the larger one. As the body of these drums is nearly of solid wood, the noise produced is not only deficient in tone to a light-framed wood or metal hollow drum with a parchment head, but the drummers generally bang on them with such force and rapidity that the clatter is most excruciating to a musical ear, and more noisy than the loudest *reveille* of a French drummer performing on a brass-framed drum.

However, under the head of Military Instruments (*Kriegsinstrumente*) a variety of hollow drums are pictured and described. The first is the "Dzin Daiko," measuring fifteen inches in diameter and about three inches in depth, and suspended by a rope passed through two metal rings, by which the drummer hangs it on a hook slung from his neck, in the same manner that the bass-drum of our regimental bands is used by the player while on the march. When the band is at rest, a bass-drum is used, shaped like a barrel, the bilge being wider than the ends. But it is fixed in a frame with four legs, and a kind of oblong table over it, seventeen and a half inches by ten and a half inches, and three and a half inches deep. A third drum is called the "Dzin Gane," about fourteen inches in diameter, but only an inch thick at the margin. This is made of metal, and capable of producing loud resounding tones like a Chinese gong, and struck with a drumstick sixteen



SENG.

inches long, while it is suspended by two rings to a curved bar. A fourth military musical instrument is illustrated with these drums, named the "Dzin-gai," as figured in the next column, but it belongs properly to the class of wind instruments. It is a large univalve shell, probably of the genus *Buccinum*, measuring twenty inches in length and ten inches wide, with a metal mouthpiece, by which the trumpeter brings forth loud resounding notes. All these instruments are used in time of war to summon the troops and lead them on to battle; the metal gong and stationary drum in the camps, and the movable drum, with the shell-trumpet, while the army is on the march. However, like many other old customs and institutions in Japan, these barbaric instruments are gradually falling into disuse since the rapid progress made in Western civilisation. A national army has been organised out of the several regiments of armed retainers belonging to the feudal Daimios, whose power is abolished, and the military are now being drilled under French instructors. The bands attached to the new regiments are modelled

after those of Europe, especially as in France, where drums preponderate, with trumpet calls, at the performance of which the Japanese bandsmen show great aptitude, and the troops endeavour to keep



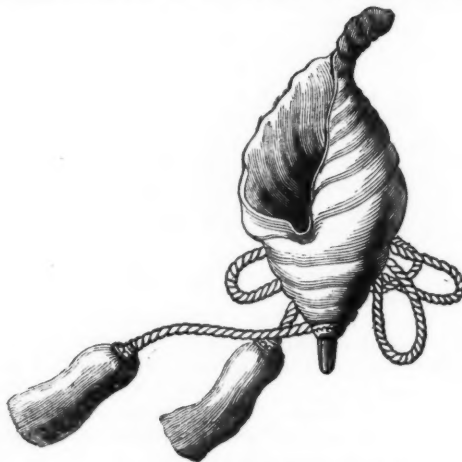
RAPA.



KUON.

step to the tunes in marching, but neither have yet acquired a correct practice in time.

None of the drums described have any leather braces or ropes for tightening them to the proper tension, or slackening when required. Something of this kind is shown in the "Shime-daiko," a shallow drum, which is tightly bound with a long cord, passing ten times through openings on both sides of the frame across the outside, and wound three times



DZIN-GAL.

round the instrument. It is twelve inches in diameter and three inches deep, corresponding very much to the shallow regulation treble-drum in our bands, which has superseded the old style, three times deeper. Probably this is copied from some foreign

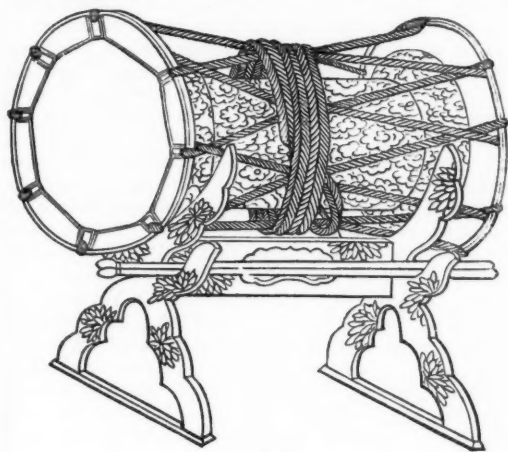
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drums, but it is differently played; at least the one figured lies in a framework, and not slung, so that the performers strike it like our kettle-drum with two drumsticks seven inches long.

These and others may be classed as treble and



KAKKO.

tenor drums compared with the "Taiko," which is the largest and deepest-toned instrument of the kind in Japan, and may be termed the native bass-drum. Its name denotes antiquity, being derived, we presume, from that of the renowned warrior Taiko Sama, who flourished many centuries ago. It partakes of the barrel form, but not so conspicuously as the one already referred to. Between the two heads it measures forty inches, while the diameter at the middle is forty-five. Here a ring and bolt is fixed, to suspend it from a beam with a hook or rope when played on. It is specially used in Japanese theatres, where the dramas representing ancient, historical, or martial scenes are greatly increased in effect by its sonorous tones. More-



BELL-SHAPED GONG.

over, these are doubled effectively when played with the "Kakko," as it is pitched a fifth higher, which shall be described presently.

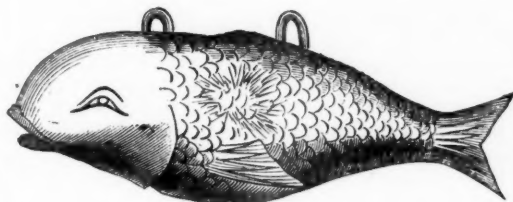
This last remark brings us to the consideration of concerted music in Japan. In the foregoing descriptions of each stringed, wind, or striking instrument, it has been assumed, as a rule, that they are not played in harmony or concord, or in themselves, excepting the Shio organ. Nevertheless, Dr. Müller

has written out and published in the Asiatic Society's transactions for March, 1876, the score of an orchestral piece of music of the "Gagaku," according to European notation, which he obtained from and



DRUM OR GONG.

heard performed at the imperial orchestra in the temple of the Mikado, where Shinto worship, after the ancient Japanese religion of the gods, is held, but differs entirely from Buddhism. The tune is designated "Dshioh Raku," and is evidently one of the best examples of "sacred music" the indefatigable doctor collected in his investigations, for it must have cost him much trouble and pains to transpose from the



BANGI.

original. It is set for eight instruments, all on the treble key of G sharp, common time, with an *allegretto* movement.

The first is the "Schö," or Shio, the organ instrument; second, the Hidschiriki, or clarinet; and third, the Ohteki, or flute, being the three wind instruments of the orchestra producing prolonged notes like semibreves. Next come three striking

instruments, the one in the fourth staff, named the "Kakko." This is a kind of double drum we have not yet described, about twenty inches long in the barrel, fifteen in diameter at the end, but not more than half that in the middle, being the opposite in shape of the Taiko drum. Moreover, it is tightly fastened at both ends with a strong cord passing eight times through openings, and then wound five times round the middle. It rests on a stand handsomely carved (see page 361), where two drumsticks, twenty-seven inches long, are placed ready for use. As already stated, this instrument goes well with the Taiko, being pitched a fifth higher. But another instrument used in the royal orchestra (see page 361) is much grander than the one already described, being ornamented with the imperial dragon at the ends, twenty inches in diameter, and hanging in a richly-carved stand, five feet high and thirty inches wide, in which the two drumsticks are placed. Its notes are represented as breves. The notes on the sixth staff are mostly quavers and semiquavers, produced on a similar kind of drum, but smaller in size and dimensions of the stand, but equally as richly ornamented, with heavy silken tassels and cords. The drumsticks are three times longer than those of the other, but not one-third the thickness or size of the knobs at the ends. Then follows the Biwa on the seventh stave, which has been already described, and here we observe that its notes are in most of the bars arranged in chords of two and three semibreves, showing, according to Dr. Müller, that the Japanese have stringed instruments producing harmony, as he also shows in the score for the eighth staff performed on the Koto, the first instrument described and illustrated in the previous paper. The variety of the notes are marked in dual harmonies of semibreves and minims, and quavers or semiquavers. Altogether this composition is elaborately elucidated, and proves that harmony is appreciated in Japan by the highest society in the realm. We may add, also, that the Empress has such taste and fondness for harmonious music that she practised the pianoforte zealously, and was taught by a foreign teacher, under whose instructions she has become a tolerably good player.

It only remains briefly to notice some other instruments of percussion, among which Dr. Müller figures and describes a number of bells, and plates of metal struck with wooden clappers, which scarcely can be termed musical, and a curious metal "Bangî," so-called, the shape of a fish (see page 361), twenty-seven inches long and nine inches broad, hung by two loops and struck with a mallet. Several kinds of cymbals are delineated and described, and a sort of tambourine. Gongs are figured of different shapes and dimensions; one of them is a good deal larger than the ordinary gongs, and handsomely ornamented. Lastly, there are two queer-looking instruments of animal forms, one a tiger *couchant*; and the whole list winds up with a common Jew's-harp, which no doubt was copied from one imported.

Thus have we given an analysis of Dr. Müller's treatise to the best of our ability, occasionally making comments, or supplementing the information from our experience in China and Japan, but with no desire to claim anything like the knowledge he possesses of the subject. As to the theory of music in Japan, it has the same basis as the Chinese, and founded on a mystic quinary system absurdly derived from

natural phenomena. He cites the dogmas of five primary organs in the human frame, namely, stomach, lungs, liver, heart, and kidney; five elements, earth, metal, wood, fire, and water; five planets, Saturn, Venus, Jupiter, Mars, and Mercury, and so on with colours. On these so-called principles, Chinese music is divided by fifths, as the five fundamental tones, and on this foundation their minor scale is arranged.

Concerning the character of Chinese and Japanese music and musical instruments, we consider both at their best to be barbarous, as compared with the grandeur and harmony of European instrumental and vocal compositions. At times it is of a plaintive nature, and frequently stirring in its strains, but the tunes and songs partake more of a savage than what we would term a civilised character. Yet in these respects they have a charm that suits the ear which prefers a melody on some simple instrument or a song to the grandest orchestral music. We need not go out of our own country to find persons of this taste, who prefer the national airs of Scotland, Ireland, or Wales, to the finest Italian or German concerted pieces. But in that preference the element of nationality exists. May not this be the case among the Japanese and Chinese, who prefer their own music and musical instruments to those of Europe? We are of that opinion, and if the subject was investigated on that basis much interesting information might be elucidated.

Although our comments on the Japanese and Chinese method of singing in a falsetto voice, accompanied in unison by a tinkling stringed instrument, are not complimentary to the taste of composers, players, and hearers, yet we must admit that the themes of their favourite songs are sometimes of the most charming description. Of the examples given in the German Asiatic Society's Transactions, we have referred the reader to three translated by Herr von Holtz, which would lose in rendering into English. In the absence of such a specimen we finish with a translation of a Japanese song versified by Mr. Stoddard, an American poet, and entitled—

THE FLOWN BIRD.

I.

The maple leaves are whirled away,
The depths of the great pines are stirred;
Night settles on the sullen day,
As in its nest the mountain bird.
My wandering feet go up and down,
And back and forth from town to town;
Through the lone woods and by the sea,
To find the bird that fled from me;
I followed, and I follow yet—
I have forgotten to forget!

II.

My heart goes back, but I go on,
Through summer heat and winter snow;
Poor heart, we are no longer one,
We are divided by our woe!
Go to the nest I built and call,—
She may be hiding after all,—
The empty nest, if that remains,
And leave me in the long, long rains;
My sleeves with tears are always wet—
I have forgotten to forget!

JOHN
AN EDITOR

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III.

Men know my story, but not me,—
 For such fidelity, they say,
 Exists not—such a man as he
 Exists not in the world to-day !
 If his light bird has flown the nest,
 She is no worse than all the rest ;
 Constant they are not—only good
 To bill and coo, and hatch the brood ;
 He has but one thing to regret—
 He has forgotten to forget !

IV.

All day I see the ravens fly,
 I hear the sea-birds scream all night ;
 The moon goes up and down the sky,
 And the sun comes in ghostly light ;
 Leaves whirl, white flakes about me blow—
 Are they spring blossoms, or the snow ?
 Only my hair ! Good-bye, my heart,
 The time has come for us to part ;
 Be still ! you will be happy yet—
 For death remembers to forget !

JOHN SEMPLE AND ROBERT CANDLISH.

AN EDINBURGH RECOLLECTION OF FORTY YEARS AGO.

UPWARDS of forty years ago it was my good fortune to meet in peculiar circumstances a Scottish licentiate, or "probationer," who was destined to blaze suddenly upon Edinburgh as a brilliant preacher, and who ultimately became one of the foremost ecclesiastical leaders of his time. Early in 1834, when I was a student at the University of Edinburgh, I received an invitation to dinner from John W. Semple, Esq., then an advocate at the Scottish bar. I was told that the party was to be a bachelors' one, and in accepting the invitation I promised myself not a little entertainment from the company of Mr. Semple and his congenial friends.

But I must say a few words about John W. Semple, my host on that occasion. He was one of the cleverest and most original men I ever knew. He chose the law as his profession, but his tastes led him chiefly to the study of languages and of metaphysics. He was an admirable Greek scholar, and frequently read the Greek tragedies when he might more profitably have studied Stair and Erskine, dear to Scottish lawyers. But his favourite language was German, though German was not nearly so fashionable in his time as it is now ; and his favourite German author was Kant, a philosopher whose style is sufficient to repel all but his most devoted metaphysical admirers.

In earlier years I had often met Mr. Semple in Dumfriesshire, and found him to be a man of great fun and humour, but at the same time quite prepared, when his friends invited grave discussion, to plunge into the very depths of the German transcendental philosophy. I never saw such a student and admirer of Kant ; he was like a man possessed with Kant, so incessantly did he talk and write of the renowned Königsberg philosopher. When I first knew him he was busily engaged in translating one of Kant's most characteristic works, his "*Kritik der reinen Vernunft*" ("*Critique of the Pure Reason*"). Some years afterwards he published his translation,

and gained great credit for the admirable style in which he had introduced an important part of Kant's system to the notice of the British public. On my once asking him what he thought of our Scotch philosophers, he replied that he preferred to them all "an old fellow called Kant, who bundled up and disposed of their systems in a few sentences."

The dinner, as might have been expected, turned out a very pleasant affair. Mr. Semple was one of the liveliest of hosts, and his guests, consisting chiefly of advocates even younger and less encumbered with briefs than himself, were as light-hearted as if their fortunes had already been made. There are exceptions, of course ; but it is generally true that the prosperous seniors of the bar are not nearly such good companions as those briefless but aspiring juniors who expect to take their places some day, and in the meantime give not a few of their spare hours to literature and laughter.

In the course of the evening I got a little quiet talk with Mr. Semple, and had an opportunity of asking him the name of a little man who had been next him at dinner, and had scarcely uttered a word. "That," he replied, "is a Mr. Candlish, a college friend of mine, and a preacher of the gospel ; a very clever fellow he is. We were great chums at Glasgow ; and he is an admirer of Kant." The name of Candlish was, at that time, as strange to me as I believe it was to all the company except Mr. Semple himself ; and I looked at the man who bore it with some curiosity. He was beneath the middle size, and at first sight not specially prepossessing. But on looking at him narrowly, I was struck with an aspect and air that indicated an intellectual gravity beyond his years. Nothing could be more quiet and unassuming than his manners. Of all that lively and intelligent party he appeared to be the least important member, excepting, of course, myself.

"I see," continued Mr. Semple, "that you look with interest, and not with entire satisfaction, at my friend Candlish ; but whether you believe in him or not, I do. He has come from the west country to preach in St. George's Church on Sunday first." To preach in St. George's, Edinburgh, was thought an honour beyond the reach of an ordinary probationer, and I confess I looked incredulous when Mr. Semple told me of his friend's Sunday engagement. "You do not know," he added, "what is in Candlish ; but, mark me, he is to preach as a candidate for St. George's Church, and he will get it, too."

The pulpit of St. George's, Edinburgh, had long been filled by the famous Dr. Andrew Thomson with unrivalled splendour. It was considered the first position of the kind that a Scottish minister could occupy. On the sudden death of Dr. Thomson, in 1831, the Rev. James Martin was appointed his successor ; a saintly man, a calm, but excellent preacher, and a most diligent pastor. But in a short time his health broke down, and he was ordered to Italy, where he died in May, 1834. In the absence of Mr. Martin, an assistant discharged his duty, and it was with a view to his being appointed assistant, and possibly successor, that Mr. Candlish had consented, at the request of a few friends, to preach on the Sunday referred to. Of these friends, the two chief were Lord Moncrieff, the celebrated Scottish judge, and Dr. David Welsh, Professor of Church History in the University of Edinburgh. Dr. Welsh especially had known Mr. Candlish in Glasgow, had heard him

preach, and greatly admired his talents. It was mainly at his instance that the unknown, unpatronised probationer came from Bonhill, Dumbartonshire, where he had been assistant to the parish minister, that he might aspire after an assistantship of a higher kind, and likely to lead to important consequences.

As the party was breaking up, Mr. Semple whispered to me to stay behind, that I might get acquainted with his friend Candlish, and take part in a real metaphysical discussion. He knew that I was fond of philosophical speculations, and thus he baited his hook: "I shall conjure up the ghost of the dinner and call it supper, that over it we may have a real metaphysical talk. We shall begin, of course, with abolishing the material world; that is an encumbrance to be at once got rid of." And certainly the rump of the party, the metaphysical three, were soon launched on the shoreless ocean of German transcendentalism. Semple produced a portion of his translation of Kant's work, and read it to Candlish at his special request. I attentively listened while Candlish, in a sage-like style, made remarks both on the great original and his clever translator. He appeared to be deeply versed in the details of the Kantian philosophy, though he had no pretensions to a good knowledge of German. I was greatly struck with what I considered the acuteness and solidity of his understanding; but I divined nothing of that brilliancy for which he was afterwards distinguished as a preacher and an ecclesiastical debater.

Before I left, Mr. Semple again advised me to hear Candlish in St. George's pulpit on the following Sunday. But though I had an interesting conversation with the young preacher that night as we walked along Prince's Street together, and formed a still higher opinion of his powers, I was unable to attend St. George's on the Sunday. I learned, however, a few days afterwards, that a young and hitherto unknown probationer from the west had made such an impression in St. George's, that he was likely to be chosen assistant and successor to Mr. Martin. In a few months after the tidings of Mr. Martin's death at Leghorn reached Edinburgh, and steps were immediately taken to obtain the settlement of the Rev. Robert Smith Candlish as minister of St. George's. No sooner was the successor of Thomson and Martin ordained than his ability as a preacher was universally acknowledged. In a few years he became a powerful leader in the courts of the Church of Scotland. Whatever may be said of his merits and achievements as an influential ecclesiastical chief, he proved himself a brilliant and powerful preacher of the gospel, and rendered great service to the Church of Christ.

Shortly before, he had seriously meditated an emigration to Canada, where there was a great demand for ministers of the gospel. Like Edward Irving before him, he had failed to attract the attention of any patron of a church living, and had entertained the idea of seeking in a foreign land a position in the church denied him in his own.

I may further mention that the mother of Dr. Candlish, an Ayrshire woman, was one of the "six belles of Mauchline," celebrated by Burns. She was the Miss Smith whom the poet praised for her wit, and who certainly possessed no ordinary intellectual powers. I saw her once when she was living in Edinburgh with her gifted son. I had often seen her at Dumfries, in 1833, the year before she died. The father of Dr. Candlish, an accomplished man, and, I

believe, a medical tutor in his day, was a contemporary of Burns, and left to his son a copy of the original Kilmarnock edition of the poet's first effusions. That precious volume Dr. Candlish before his death gave to his dear and honoured friend, James Crauford, Lord Ardmillan, who was also a native of Ayrshire, and a warm but discriminating admirer of the Scottish national poet.

Mr. Semple before long deserted the bar, and for a short time edited the "Caledonian Mercury," an Edinburgh newspaper that was long in high repute. He subsequently accepted a legal appointment in the West Indies, where he died after a brief period of service. Repeatedly when I met Dr. Candlish in after-years, he spoke of his friend Semple with deep emotion, and said that the world never knew how much wit, wisdom, and learning it had lost by the death of the eccentric but accomplished translator of Kant's "Critique of the Pure Reason."

J. D.

THREE WEEKS IN RHINELAND:

ON THE MOSEL, THE LAHN, AND THE NECKAR.

I.

WHO does not know the pleasure of leaving the high road and striking off across country? Whether shorter or not, the ramble by paths and fields, across commons, over hills, and along streams, is twice as pleasant, and does one twice as much good, as the dull tramp along the dusty-road; and the pleasure is by no means lessened by having to find one's own way, or even losing it now and then.

Acting on this principle, I determined, in my three weeks' holiday in Rhineland, to avoid in great measure the Rhine itself, and to have a look at some of its tributaries. Not that the noble Rhine is to be lightly thought of; but I was well acquainted with it already, and felt an inclination this time to get out of the main stream, not only of the river itself, but also of the tourists who frequent it.

We got to the Rhine at Coblenz by way of the Mosel; the "we" consisting of myself and my son. If time allows, there is no pleasanter way of reaching the Rhine. An easy journey of about nine hours took us from Brussels to Trèves. Leaving Brussels at 6.30 by the Great Luxemburg Railway (the terminus of which is in the upper town, not far from the park), we arrived at Trèves at 3.30. The line passes through the Forest of Ardennes, famous in European history. It is a picturesque district of forest and hill and streams—especially that part of it in the neighbourhood of Rochefort—and we wished, as we were whirled through it, that we could stop, and go through it more leisurely, exploring its woods and hills and streams. A party of young students of the University of Liège, with whom we travelled for a stage or two, seemed to be making a walking tour of this kind. Some of them had fishing-rods in addition to their knapsacks, and all had pipes, which were in constant use. They were very noisy, but very good-tempered; quite unlike our own undergraduates, whether seen at Oxford or Cambridge, or met with in their long-vacation rambles. The dress of some of them was, to say the least, remarkable; and they were by no means well equipped for bad weather.

We had nearly an hour to wait at Luxemburg; long enough to get a glimpse at the vast fortifica-

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tions, now in process of demolition. I had visited the place two or three years before, and the work of destruction did not seem to have made very great progress in the interval. The natural situation is striking. On three sides the town is bounded by precipices, descending 200 feet to the level of two little rivers, which thus nearly enclose it; and on their opposite side the banks rise again precipitously. In the ravine thus formed lies the lower portion of the town; the upper and better part occupies the rocky table-land above. The natural strength of the situation has been taken advantage of, and increased by vast fortifications; and now the railway also crosses the valley by a viaduct, which forms a striking feature in the scene. The fortifications will soon be a thing of the past, except such parts of them as may be left for the hand of time to bring to dust. There is nothing remarkable in the town itself; and the recollection of certain smells there, not of the sweetest, made me well content to pay it but a flying visit now. One can hardly help feeling some regret at the destruction of these gigantic works, raised at an enormous cost of money and labour during successive centuries. Yet, if their destruction be in the interest of peace, let them go, by all means let them go! Carnot called Luxembourg, next to Gibraltar, the strongest place in Europe, the only point from which France could be attacked on the side of the Mosel.

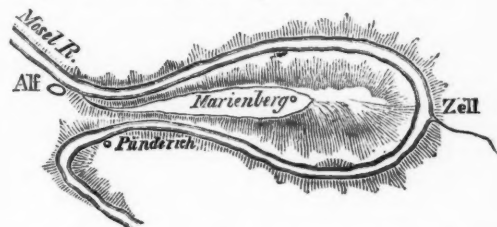
Arrived at Trèves, we took up our quarters at the "Rothes Haus" (Red House), a good, old-fashioned inn, formerly the Senate House. Here we were taken up eighty steps into two small rooms at the top of the house, whence we had a picturesque view of gables and roofs, over which appeared in the distance the summit of the Roman gate, called the "Porta Nigra." This is the most important and best preserved of the Roman remains at Trèves. Though roofless, and internally in ruins, and now made use of in small part only, it is still a noble and commanding object, showing from a distance little sign of decay. It is massive in style, built of dark red stone, made yet darker by age, and still forms the northern entrance of the city. The other principal remains are the Baths and the Amphitheatre. The Baths, now cleared of rubbish and exposed to view, are of great extent, and exhibit an interesting specimen of Roman brickwork and arrangement. The Amphitheatre, situated a few hundred yards farther from the town, appears to have been excavated from the hill. Little of the stonework remains, but the arched entrances to the dens of the beasts are still in existence, and it requires but little exercise of the imagination to realise the horrible scenes which here took place. Besides these ruins, the Basilika ought to be mentioned; a vast building of uncertain, but very ancient, date, now restored, and used as a Protestant Church. It must require a very powerful voice to fill it.

We visited the Cathedral, a church in which several styles of building are united, and saw some very ancient relics, but not the so-called "Holy Coat." A very talkative old sacristan seemed to think he ought to be paid by the number of his words, which were many; at least, he was scarcely satisfied with the customary fee. The Liebfrauenkirche, or Church of the Virgin, adjoining the Cathedral, is a very fine and beautiful specimen of the Gothic of the thirteenth century. Outside the principal entrance of the Cathedral lies an enormous

fragment of a granite column, which gives one the idea of having lain there for ages. Altogether, Trèves is a place of great interest; and all the more so because the different objects lie near together, and are not so many as to confuse or weary the attention.

Trèves is on the Mosel—for so let us spell the name. Why should it be Frenchified? If French in its upper course, it is a German river here. It is navigable by steamers down to Coblenz, where it falls into the Rhine. By land the distance is only between seventy and eighty miles; by water it is not less than 140. But the banks of the river are so charming, and the very windings so picturesque, that, in fine weather, few would wish to shorten the voyage. Going down, it takes eleven or twelve hours, and is thus easily accomplished in one summer's day; coming up, a day and a half must be given to it, and travellers then generally sleep at Berncastel. We embarked at six o'clock on a beautiful morning, and had a very enjoyable voyage. The chief beauties begin at Berncastel, and thence, all the way to Coblenz, there is no part that is not beautiful. Between Berncastel and Trarbach (fifteen miles lower down by water) the stream winds so much that, on the upward voyage, nearly two hours are gained by leaving the steamer at Trarbach and walking across the isthmus to Berncastel. The route crosses a high table-land, commanding fine views, and descends through vineyards to Berncastel. The walk occupies little more than an hour, while the steamer takes three hours to follow the windings. I once took this walk with great enjoyment, and secured, besides, the rather selfish advantage of arriving at Berncastel long before the other passengers, and so getting the choice of rooms at the rough little inn. A rough place it is, compared with the grand hotels on the Rhine, but everything was of the best, and the charges were very moderate. The landlord, when I was there, was the very picture of a landlord,—an elderly man, tall, stout, active, and obliging; he sat down, in the old-fashioned style, at the head of his own supper-table, and played the part of host right well. This time, however, the river was full and the stream rapid, and there was no time for walking across. The steamer only stopped a few minutes at Berncastel, and then sped down the river, accomplishing in less than an hour and a half a distance which had before taken twice that time.

There is another walk which I had taken in coming up the river, and which I greatly wished to take again now—the short cut from Punderich to Alf; but for this also there was not time. The river here makes even a wider sweep than at Berncastel, enclosing a long, pear-shaped hill, the neck or stalk of which may be crossed on foot. A sketch will convey a better idea of the place than words.



My recollection of the walk was so pleasant, and

the day so bright and clear, that I tried hard to persuade the steamboat authorities that there was time; but they would not be persuaded. And when they began to talk of not being able to wait for me at Alf, if I was not there on their arrival, I at once gave up the idea; for to one who is never happy unless he is at the railway-station ten minutes before the train starts the very thought of seeing the boat steam away leaving him behind was dreadful. So we stuck to the steamer and rounded the pear, and thereby got a sight of the curious little town of Zell, situated just at that part of the pear which is farthest from the stalk. Yet I could not help remembering with regret the beautiful view from Marienberg, situated on the high ridge between the two reaches of the stream. It was once a monastery, or something of the sort, but is now a vine-cultivator's house, with vineyards all round it, and among my recollections was that of a refreshing draught of light white wine made from the grapes that had grown on the very spot.

One of the chief beauties of the Mosel is derived from the vineyards. In many parts the soil is walled up in terraces on the lofty banks, and even then the slope is so steep that one wonders why all is not washed down into the river below. In some peculiarly favourable spots, where every square inch of the southern slope is valuable, little three-cornered patches are seen high up on the rocky sides, containing not more, perhaps, than half-a-dozen vine-plants, and you wonder how the vine-dressers can get at them. The mixture of wildness and cultivation, of rocky crag and tangled bush with carefully-tended vines, is very interesting and picturesque, and surpasses, I think, anything of the kind to be seen on the Rhine.

In a dry summer there is sometimes so little water in the river as to make it impossible for the steamers to run, though their draught is but small. But the river was now unusually full, and the passage was made quickly and without difficulty. It was curious to reflect that, but a few months before, this river was one of the great highways for supplying the German armies in the French and German war. All the regular traffic was then suspended, and every steamer, boat, and barge was taken up for the transport of troops and material of war. Some traces of the war still remained. Several German soldiers were aboard the steamer, returning home from the army of occupation; and an officer who had been in some of the hottest battles, and especially in that of Gravelotte, gave a dreadful account of the carnage there. At one little village on the shore an unusual commotion appeared. The people lined the bank, and as we approached a diminutive cannon was fired several times. This was in honour of a wounded German soldier, a man of the village, whom our steamer was conveying to his home after many months of suffering in a French hospital. He was helped up from the little cabin, pale and crippled, as the steamer stopped opposite the village, and a boat took him ashore amid the cheers of his fellow-villagers.

The steamer touches at many places on both sides of the river, some of them very picturesque. Cochem, with its ruined castle, is remarkably so. Eller even more so, with its old houses dotted about. Ediger is still surrounded by ancient fortifications. But almost every place has its old castle to show, and old stone or timber houses mingled with the more

modern dwellings, and an artist might find a subject at almost every landing—a steep village street, a broken tower, an ancient church, a crumbling wall, an overhanging gable, and, for living and moving objects, a group of villagers, a herd of cattle, or a line of barges, slowly and painfully towed against the stream by a team of powerful horses. If report speaks truly, however, some of these places, as far as the nose, at least, is concerned, are pleasanter to look at from the steamer's deck than to land at. Yet by no means all of them, I am sure. Many a turn in the river brings you face to face with a charming village, clean, bright, and cheerful, at which you long to alight. Shady trees line the water's edge, wooded hills form the background, a tributary stream comes tumbling over rocks into the main river, tempting paths climb the hill-sides, and last, but not least, a modest inn, neat, snug, and cheerful, and with a general look suggestive of good fare and a low reckoning, projects its sign invitingly. Not a few artists, as well as fishermen, frequent these places in the summer.

I cannot describe what I did not see; but there is a mediæval castle, named "Schloss Eltz," within an hour's walk of the Mosel, which I gave up visiting with great regret, and which I should advise other tourists to try to see. It is situated on the little River Eltz, which falls into the main stream at Moselkern, about twenty or twenty-five miles above Coblenz. A walker may easily visit it by leaving the steamer at Müden, whence a footpath will take him to Schloss Eltz in less than an hour. A rough walk of three miles will take him back to the Mosel at Moselkern, where he can sleep, and where he can take the steamer to Coblenz on the following evening, finding plenty to occupy his time agreeably in the meantime. The Schloss itself is described as full of interest. It is picturesquely placed, in excellent preservation, and well filled with ancient furniture, portraits, and armour.

The steamer, arriving at Coblenz, lands its passengers at the wharf on the Mosel just above the Mosel Bridge. This bridge is well worth looking at. It spans the Mosel a quarter of a mile above the junction of that river with the Rhine; and the view of Ehrenbreitstein from the centre of the bridge is one of the finest that can be obtained. The splendid fortress rises exactly opposite the spectator, who looks directly across the junction of the rivers to the lofty rock on which it stands. The bridge itself is venerable and picturesque. It is the old part of Coblenz that is entered from the Mosel. Hence a succession of narrow and winding streets leads to the better part of the town and to the Rhine. We arrived at Coblenz on Saturday evening, and spent the Sunday there. There is a permanent English chaplain, and the congregation is allowed the use of a large room in the Schloss, or castle (a very ugly building of the last century, with nothing of a castle about it), which has been fitted up for the purpose. Another room in the same wing is used as the Protestant military church. Before attending our own service, I looked in upon the service going on there. A large number of soldiers was present, but there was a mixed congregation besides. The solemn and hearty singing, in which many of the soldiers joined, each provided with a hymn-book and taking his proper part in the harmony, contrasted favourably, I am bound to say, with the psalmody in the English Church.

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On Monday morning we quitted the Rhine again, and turned aside into the valley of the Lahn, thus only going across the great river at Coblenz from one of its tributaries to another. The railway crosses the Rhine by a fine bridge (along which foot-passengers may walk) at some distance above the bridge of boats, and reaches the opposite side at the little village of Pfaffendorf. In a very short time it crosses the Lahn and stops at Oberlahnstein. Here we left the main line and took our seats in the train that goes up the valley of the Lahn to Ems, and so on to Wetzlar and Giessen.

Near the angle formed by the junction of the two rivers, on a bold eminence behind Oberlahnstein, stands the Castle of Lahneck, an ancient building now belonging to an Irish gentleman, who has restored it and fitted it up as a dwelling-house. The situation is striking. The castle, on its rock, seems to command the entrance of the valley, as no doubt it was meant to do; and, as far as one can judge from a little distance, it has been restored with taste, so as to preserve its ancient character, both in style and colour, forming, in this respect, a striking contrast with its tawdry neighbour Stolzenfels on the opposite side of the Rhine. Several times, on passing this point, I had been attracted by the look of Schloss Lahneck and the valley beyond, and had determined some day to take that route; and now it was with pleasure that I turned away from the Rhine, and, passing at the foot of the rock on which the castle is perched, sped up the valley.

A charming valley it is; not grand, but sweetly pretty. The Lahn is not very wide, and takes a winding course, accompanied in its windings by wooded hills on each side, no longer craggy and vine-clad, as on the Mosel, but green with forest trees. Less than half-an-hour brought us to Ems, a place at which we felt by no means inclined to stop. The town is built on both sides of the river, and is shut in by hills. It must be very hot; certainly it was so on this day. It looked much like other fashionable watering-places. There are an old Curhaus, and a more modern Cursaal, smart dresses, gay shops, and amusements (so called) in plenty; but little appeared to tempt lovers of quiet, and nature, and fresh air, and old buildings, or wearers of nailed boots, felt hats, and rough clothes. So we satisfied our curiosity with a ten minutes' look from the railway carriage, and passed on without regret.

We were bound for Limburg-on-the-Lahn. This had not been my original destination. Years before, a dear and venerated old friend, now gone to the better land, had said to me, "If ever it comes in your way, go to the little town of Nassau; it is one of the prettiest and most picturesque places in all Rhineland." I had determined to go there now, but on mentioning this the day before to a friend, a resident at Coblenz, I had been led to change my plan. "Do not stop at Nassau," he said; "it is very quaint and pretty; but when you have walked about it for an hour, and gone up the hill to a castle there, and looked about you, and come down again, you will find there is nothing else. Go on a little farther to Limburg, and see one of the finest Romanesque churches in Germany. I have never been there, but I want to go very much." So I changed my design, and made Limburg my point instead of Nassau.

We passed Nassau, however, and very pretty it looked. There was the little town, with its pic-

turesque old houses and its modern suspension bridge, and there, sure enough, was the ruined castle on the opposite hill, and doubtless it commanded a beautiful view of the valley and the river and the surrounding hills. Still I thought my friend's advice was right; there did not seem a great deal to detain one. So on we went again.

As for castles, they were to be seen at almost every town. In this respect the Lahn is a miniature Rhine. Langenau appears soon after leaving Nassau, and opposite to it is Arnstein. Schloss Schaumburg, some way farther on, is a modern castle.

One of the most interesting-looking places is Dietz, a small, ancient town, with an old bridge. The castle rises tall and steep from the town, and arrests the attention at once. It is grey with age, but is not in ruins, being still used as a prison.

NATURAL HISTORY NOTES AND ANECDOTES.

COWPER'S EPITAPHS ON DOGS.

AN epitaph on a favourite dog having appeared in the *May "Leisure Hour,"* among the *Natural History Varieties*, I send two epitaphs by the poet Cowper, which may be new to many. I also send translations, which I hope no reader will call "dog Latin."

Olney Vicarage.

J. P. L.

On the north side of that well known and classic, but now much neglected spot, "The Wilderness," at Weston Underwood, are two monumental urns, on one of which is inscribed the following epitaph:—

Here lies one who never drew
Blood himself, yet many slew:
Gave the gun its aim, and figure
Made in field, yet ne'er pulled trigger.
Armed men have gladly made
Him their guide, and him obeyed:
At his signified desire
Would advance, present, and fire.
Stout he was, and large of limb,
Scores have fled at sight of him;
And to all this fame he rose
By only following his nose.
Neptune was he called: not he
Who controls the boisterous sea,
But of happier command,
Neptune of the furrowed land,
And your wonder vain to shorten,
Pointer to Sir John Throckmorton.

—Cowper.

EPITAPHIUM.

Hic recubat, nullam qui guttam sanguinis ipse
Extraxit, permulta tamen dedit ire sub umbras
Corpora, et ad metam telum direxit, et acer
Compositis membris sese jactavit in arvis,
Quamvis non ferrum regebat, neque mitteret ignem.
Hunc fecere duces juvenes, quos, tela tenentes
In manibus, juvit jussis parere, datoque
Signo progressos humeris apponere telum,
Letiferumque feris digito dimittere plumbum.
At bene curatum corpus, robustaque membra;
Olim incedentis visum fugere parentes

Sexcenti: duce naturâ naremq; sequendo
 Ad famam facile est erectus: nomen habebat
 Neptunus, non qui turbatum comprimit æquor,
 Sulcati tamen imperio felicior agri;
 Neve ego suspensos animos atque ora legentum
 Longius impediam, canis indagator, et ibat
 Post equitem, cui nomen Iôannes Throckmorton.

J. P. L.

The other urn is inscribed to a spaniel:—

Though once a puppy, and though Fop by name,
 Here moulders one whose bones some honour
 claim;
 No sycophant, although of spaniel race,
 And though no hound, a martyr to the chase.
 Ye squirrels, rabbits, leverets rejoice,
 Your haunts no longer echo to his voice.
 This record of his fate exulting view,
 He died worn out with vain pursuit of you.
 Yes! the indignant shade of Fop replies,
 And, worn with vain pursuits, man also dies.

—Copper.

Quum quondam catulus fuerit, Foppusque vocatus,
 Hic canis ossa jacent, cui facta merentur honorem:
 Non assentator fuit, etsi gentis Iberæ;
 Victima venandi, sed non venaticus ipse.
 Gaudete, O lepores, habitansque cuniculus antro,
 Et quodcunque hominum venantum est præda,
 canumque,

Amplius haud latebræ resonant latratibus hujus:
 Hanc urnam, fati monumentum, cernite læti,
 Nam vano studio vestigia vestra sequendi
 Confectus perit. Sed Foppi e manibus umbra
 Ore indignanti respondet, Tu quoque mortem,
 Æger Homo, vanis studiis confectus obibis.

J. P. L.

THE DOG OF THE BARRACKS.

From a French correspondent we have the following:—We had for several years a fine dog, named Tarquin. Since his death he was always called "Tarquin l'Ancien," to distinguish him from his successor, who, from his great beauty, we had named "Tarquin le Superb." The first Tarquin was born and brought up in an artillery barrack. He was caressed, played with, teased, amused by all the soldiers, his daily companions, who, as all know, in their amusements, are like big children. His master, a sergeant-major, having completed his term of military service, returned to his home at Nancy, and there sold the young dog to my father. Tarquin led a happy life with us, was caressed, and certainly was better fed than he had been in the barrack. Still, he had a clinging fondness for the companions of his youth, the artillerymen; and although there were then no artillery in garrison at Nancy, every time that by chance an artillery soldier passed through the town, down our street, the poor dog rushed forth and affectionately caressed him, to the soldier's great astonishment, who, at first, did not know what to make of his rude gratulations. My father would, from the window, call the soldier in, offer him a glass of wine, and recount to him Tarquin's birth and bringing up in an artillery barrack.

There were Sapeurs-Pompiers at Nancy, wearing the same uniform, black trousers, with a double red stripe, the only difference being that, *en grande tenue*,

the Pompiers had a brass helmet, and the Artillery a shako, but on ordinary occasions the uniform was the same for both. However much we might be deceived by the similarity of their uniform, the good Tarquin, who could not read the number of their regiment on the artillerymen's buttons, as we could, always discerned the difference. That was certainly very singular; perhaps the cloth of their garments was of different manufacture. Something must have struck a dog's sense, or instinct, not noticeable to us, his superiors in knowledge.

Tarquin often acted as our *commissionnaire*. My mother sometimes feeling lonely, wished to see my grandfather, and would call Tarquin, fastening a small missive to his collar, then open the door and say to him, "Va, chercher Grand-Père." At the end of a quarter-of-an-hour Tarquin re-appeared escorting him. L. H.

A DOG AIDING IN SMUGGLING.

A family of lacemakers in Belgium, finding that they could not sell the produce of their industry to so great an advantage as in France, they became anxious to dispose of it there, and to acquire, by that means, a more rapid fortune than by simply retailing it at home. They had a young and intelligent poodle dog which they trained to have a thorough detestation of custom-house officials, such as are encountered on the frontiers. They dressed up some one in that uniform, who, always beating and kicking the dog whenever he entered the house, and ill-treating him in every way, incurred, very naturally, poor Monton's animosity. Their object was, of course, to nourish such ill-feeling and repugnance in the dog against any one wearing the French douanier uniform, that he would be certain to avoid them. Having succeeded in inspiring the hatred they wished in the poor innocent and unoffending Monton's breast, they next prepared a larger poodle-skin than the one he owned, and after winding several metres of valuable lace round his body, sewed the poodle-skin neatly and cleverly over it all. Away went the master and his dog, and succeeded in passing the French frontier; the man, it is true, was examined; the dog ran off from the people in uniform as soon as he espied them, decamping as fast as his legs could carry him. Regaining his master, they reached a French town where the lace was not only sold at a good profit, but an order was given for a larger supply.

These hazardous journeys were often undertaken, and nothing could exceed their good fortune and their lucky escapes; but their success was not destined to be of long duration. Upon one occasion, one of the junior custom-house *employés* noticed the dog, and advanced to play with him, but instead of responding to the proffered caress, Monton showed his teeth and slunk away, whereupon the youth revenged himself by throwing a large stone, which lamed him, and then another and another, until he killed the poor animal. Monton's master, not wishing to appear too anxious about him, had walked on, not doubting but that his faithful companion was following him, but missing him at last he returned to the frontier just in time to witness the official's profound astonishment at the sight a rent in poor Monton's false hide had revealed to him. Since then, I was assured, custom-house officials on the frontier looked sharply after contraband dogs. L. H.

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